THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 4, 1808.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 42.

EUGENIO TO EVANDER.

——— Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus, angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

JUVENAL.

My full-blown youth already fades apace,
(Of our short being 'tis the shortest space!)
While melting pleasures in our arms are found,
While lovers smile, and while the bowl goes round;
While in surprizing joys intranc'd we lie,
Old age creeps on us ere we think it nigh.

DRYDEN.

FIVE long years have elapsed, my Evander, since we last met; and still are we divided by cloud-topped mountains, waving forests, and tempestuous torrents. Thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures dwell between us, and each individual of the mighty mass busy, like ourselves, in the pursuit of happiness. There *was* a time, my friend, when the retrospect of life gave birth to many a joyous emotion; when the fond recollection of our boyish pastimes alleviated the pangs of existing sorrows; but that happy period is for ever fled; and those visions of memory which created rapture from the influence of a heated imagination, seem shorn of their beams when beheld by the steady eye of matured reason.

Our youth is justly compared to a continual state of intoxication. The judgment is warped by the force of contending passions—fixed to no point—pursuing no regular path—unsettled—and unrestrained.

But this indecision of conduct is not peculiar to youth alone. *No*, Evander! even old age, when bent down by infirmities, and tottering on the confines of eternity, too frequently affords the most lamentable instances of puerile indiscretion. How little do we act as rational beings! The language of truth and *reason* is, " Death is inevitable; and life, even in the spring time of our days, uncertain." We profess to be Christians, yet neglect the doctrines of our creed. We acknowledge the certainty of an eternity, yet confine our thoughts, and direct all our actions to the concerns of the present transitory life. Is this *wisdom*, Evander? Is it not rather madness? Can there be a person so egregiously ignorant as to suppose himself sent into the world merely to gratify the desires of sensuality? and that having spent a life of luxury—having threaded the maze of folly—he is to be rewarded by an eternal inheritance in Heaven? To *such* a person *Heaven* would be destitute of a charm. *His* heaven must be an *earthly* heaven; a renewal of his temporal career, and not (as we are taught to expect) an eternity of holiness and devotion. I am well convinced, my friend, that to *your* ears such a doctrine will sound peculiarly discordant. Lost in the vortex of fashionable pursuits—soothed by the syren voice of flattery—and nursed on the lap of affluence, *you* are too apt to look on death (if indeed it ever enters your thought) as a distant evil. A future existence never troubles you; whilst the enjoyment of the present is " all in all." If consistent with religion, long, very long, my Evander, may you experience this temporal gratification! But don't forget what the poet says.

——Grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, tho' late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift. Eternity is all;
And *whose* eternity? who triumphs *there*?
Thy *conscience* shall reply.

I

I do not flatter myself in saying that philanthropy is the mainspring of my literary exertions. Whatever I write is intended to promote the welfare of my fellow-creatures; and should I attain my point but in a single instance, the Almighty Being that enriched me with reason will witness the silent, but sincere offering of fervent gratitude. Excuse me, therefore, if in the course of my present, or subsequent admonitions, I scrutinize your conduct with an impartial and penetrating eye. But what authority (you may ask) have *I* to interest myself in your proceedings? What *authority*, Evander! The authority of *friendship!* We are still young; but that is no reason for our being still ignorant or averse to the performance of our Christian duties. Youth is the most appropriate season for mental improvement; and what improvement is of such consequence to us as that of religion? All other acquisitions merely answer a temporal purpose. Like a splendid vestment they set us off to the greatest advantage, and captivate the giddy votaries of fashion; whilst for the *true* philosopher, the vital energy of religious principles possesses a far more rational and durable charm. You cannot have forgotten our lost, our lamented friend, Frederick? He was our junior, yet has left us behind him to regret his premature decay. How often have we been wrapt in admiration, as he poured forth melody from the flute, or struck the silver chords of the piano! How often, in the hours of social intercourse, have we been indebted to him for the mirthful (and, I trust, not sinful) enjoyment of conviviality! Yet Frederick is *no more!* The breath that gave birth to music is mingled with the breezes of heaven; and the active fingers that assisted in the modulation of its tones are cramped by the petrifying power of death. Ah! what availed his envied acquirements when the fatal period arrived! I saw him stretched out on his bed, pale and emaciated. He squeezed my hand with his usual affection; and as he reminded me of the *past*, a tear stole down his cheek, like the evening dew-drop on a faded lily. *Then*, my Evander, religion was his only solace; and the remembrance even of his youthful foibles seemed to harrow up his soul.

These, my friend, are the reflections of a solitary being; and I cordially hope they may leave some impression on your heart. I envy not the festivity of fashion, because I know myself to be *mortal*; and rather than return to the obedience of the depraved passions,

> " Let me be banished to some place remote,
> Where no created thing could give me joy:
> There, God, be my communion with thyself!
> Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,

Those ever blooming sweets, and let me hear
Immortal music, harmony divine,
In thy transporting voice. Be this my lot,
And give the laughing world their jovial choice."

Adieu, Evander,
From your affectionate
X. EUGENIO.

MR. EDITOR,

However callous to religion some folks may appear in prosperity, the approach of death generally excites them to reformation and repentance. I have known the slight shock of an earthquake to throw a whole family on their knees, who had never breathed forth a supplication for upwards of a twelvemonth. And even a thunder storm possesses the power of making many excellent *temporary* Christians. But when the earth becomes stable, and the thunder ceases, up spring your solemn supplicants, and resume their station in the dance of folly.

A certain tailor, who had always been famed as a lover of *cabbage*, being seized with a complaint that threatened to end fatally, fancied he saw by his bed-side, an angel waving a *patchwork* flag over him, formed of the different colour cloths with which he had made too free. In the agony of remorse he made a solemn vow that, in case of a recovery, he would never renew his dishonest practices; and the more effectually to observe it, he ordered his apprentice to remind him of it, as often as he thought necessary. For several months the man of buckram punctually persevered in his good resolution; at which Old Nick was so picqued, that he exerted all his infernal ingenuity in preparing a fresh temptation. Well, Mr. Editor, it so happened that some foppish nobleman sent our cross-legged penitent a piece of cloth of the finest texture, and of a colour the most exquisite—such as he had never before met with, in the course of his labours. This was *too* great an allurement. Snip renewed his depredation. "Master, Master," bawled out the terrified apprentice, "have you forgot the angel and the flag." "No verily," replied the taylor, "but I also recollect that in the whole of that beautiful piece of patchwork, there was not a single thread of *this* colour."

X.

SINGULAR FUNERAL.

ON the 25th of May, 1736, the body of Samuel Baldwin, esq. was in compliance with an injunction in his will immersed *sans ceremonie* in the sea at Lymington, Hants. His motive

motive for this extraordinary mode of interment was to prevent his wife from "dancing over his grave," which this modern Xantippe had frequently threatened to do in case she survived him.

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting, held in London by Adjournments, from the 18th to the 27th of the Fifth Month, 1808, inclusive.

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS,

WE are disposed again to pursue the current of Christian good will, which has so often induced us to furnish you with a written memorial of our concern and love for our brethren, dispersed in their various allotments in this kingdom and elsewhere; and thus to fix, for your advantage, some traces of those impressions, which, while reviewing the present state of our society, have been made on our minds. If we are at all instruments in the hand of the Lord to "comfort the feeble minded" among you, "to support the weak," to encourage the upright, or to arouse the careless; we pray that he, by his almighty influence, may firmly establish in your hearts every good purpose to which our words may excite you; and bless every cup of consolation which he may enable us to hand forth. Thus, dear friends, again we salute you in love—in gospel love. How animating is the ability to consider ourselves the common children of one benevolent and all-powerful parent, to depend upon him for our own preservation, and to implore him for that of our neighbour! Surely! shall we not thus draw nigh to the accomplishment of those eternal commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself?"

The accounts which we have received at this meeting respecting the present state of our religious society, in the several quarterly meetings, continue to affect us with the relation of divers instances of remissness in religious duty, which do not meet with their due share of admonition. Nevertheless we believe that in other cases, the diligence of upright friends, to give counsel where it is obviously necessary, has produced effects which should encourage perseverance. The spirit which tends to scatter and destroy, unless vigilantly withstood, is continually at work; and we request you, beloved brethren, to continue vigilant, and not to be satisfied with any former exertions,

tions, whilst the lamented evils remain. We call upon you, by that love and compassion which, if you are in your places, you must feel for the negligent, not to slacken in your endeavours to stir them up to diligence. Be persevering and patient. "Stablish your hearts." This exhortation has been drawn from us by more than a jealousy, that such as are in the frequent neglect of our religious meetings, are suffered too long to remain without counsel. Counsel, we know, may be disregarded; but blessed is he, who, under the holy influence of love, having dispensed it in due season, can feel himself clear of owing any thing to his brother on this account.

Our concern for the preservation of brotherly love remains strong and unabated. When assembled in this meeting we have special cause to know the invigorating, uniting effects of it. Therefore, were there no other inducement, we should still be disposed, from time to time, to renew our earnest and pressing exhortation, that it may abound and flourish amongst our dear brethren in religious profession. Enmity, even in a small degree, pollutes the mind, and renders it unfit to approach with acceptance that pure and holy being, of whom the beloved disciple thus emphatically testifies, "God is love." Do we not peculiarly lament the wide spread of distress, which the spirit of contention is, even now, occasioning to suffering humanity? This, though it differs in degree, springs from the same root as private ill will. Therefore, a people abhorrent of war, if they are consistent, will watch against the smallest bud of enmity, as it is conceived, on any occasion, in the heart. And the man who, in the school of Christ, had learned the useful lesson of self-denial, will often make a sacrifice of his own will and opinion, though he may esteem them to be right, rather than persist in them, at the expence of Christian fellowship.

It is much in the power of those who have the care of young children, to prepare their minds for the salutary restraints of the cross of Christ; and those who thus co-operate with his holy spirit, which early visits the tender and flexible mind, may expect (and what better *can* they seek?) his all sufficient blessing upon themselves and their offspring. Therefore, ye fathers, and ye mothers, let us entreat you to consider the earliest subjection of the will as the first step in education. It will generally insure to you that desirable ascendancy over the minds of your children, which will prevent the need of future severity; it will enable you to govern them by love; and thus you will be rendering your own way more easy at the same time that you are serving the Lord. And friends, we beseech you, as their understandings ripen, to take due opportunities of opening to them the benefits of the restraints which your duty leads you to impose. Among some of the most irksome to the lively dispositions of youth, are often those which relates to

speech and dress. But as we know that the ground of our dissent from the world in these things, is Christian simplicity; so we know by experience, that they are often the means of defence against temptation to mingle in the company of such as, not being thus subject to holy restraint, are unsuitable examples for our youth to observe and to follow. And when by the gentle intimations of truth in their ripening understandings, they are entered on a course of self-denial, they will feel you doubly dear to them, for having led them on in the way they should go, and will bless the Lord on your behalf.

Thus have we again touched upon some of the most important objects of the constant care of this meeting, and indeed of all those who desire to see our society builded up as a city that is compact together. "Jerusalem," saith the psalmist, "is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel."

We may now turn from subjects which concern every state in life; and direct the course of our Christian counsel to the states more in particular. And first, you who are not intrusted with much of the possessions of this life, you are still the objects of our constant care. The society has long endeavoured to consult your interests, and to place within your reach whatever is necessary for your welfare, and for that of your offspring. And you are equally the care of him who provides for the sparrows; to his ear your access is as easy as that of any condition amongst men; and if, by his holy assistance, and by a conformity to his will, you become truly poor in spirit, your's is the kingdom of heaven. But, dear friends, suffer us to remind you, that there is not a passion that can infest the rich, which may not also, in a degree subversive of your peace, be fostered in *your* minds. You may covet, and give way to pride and anger, and to all the "foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Therefore do you partake of the universal necessity of paying strict attention to Christ's sacred injunction, when, addressing himself to his immediate followers, he closed his address with these memorable words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

As for you, dear friends, who occupy what are termed the middle stations of life, you have every cause to bless the Lord for the sphere in which he hath permitted you to move. In you, seems fulfilled the wish of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches (feed me with food convenient for me); lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Among your number the society has often found many of its more useful members, of its more able advocates. Be content, therefore,

fore, with your stations. Seek not great things for yourselves; yea, " Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate." But above all things, " Follow on to know the Lord," or, if you have not known him, and served him, fully and faithfully, seek him " with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind," for " if you seek him, he *will* be found of you," and you will remain to be, as many of you have been, supports of the building, under the protecting providence of the Lord; who is the sole and true builder of his spiritual house, the " house of prayer for all people."

And you who are intrusted with much of the good things of this life, you who cannot disclaim the title of affluent—we believe there are among you many good stewards of the temporal things committed to your trust; yet we desire that others may duly consider, whether they are so " rich in faith," as to be " heirs of the kingdom," being fruitful in those good works which are produced by faith. Though, friends, you may not have to labour with your hands, the cause of truth has business of importance for you to do; and it may be promoted or obstructed by the right or wrong application of your property. Much responsibility lies on you; your property is an additional article in the account; and we much desire that you may be so awake to a sense of these things, as to be prepared to render up your accounts with joy, and to receive the answer of " Well done." The poor and the rich have their appropriate virtue; and, at the same time that each is required to be content and to be humble, we believe it may be truly said, that as contentment is a peculiar ornament of the poor, so is humility of the rich. Your station in life subjects you, more than others, to be tried by the associating with other wealthy persons, among the people at large, with whom the cross of Christ is often in too little esteem. You may be leavened by their conversation and example; and it may operate still more sensibly and rapidly upon your children. Therefore we tenderly entreat you, for your own sake, for that of your offspring whom you are bound to protect, and for the sake of the cause of truth—we entreat you, dear friends, we beseech you " by the mercies of God," " Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." " For" continues the apostle, " I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."

But how shall we address a state lamentably to be found in every condition of life; and from which few places are wholly free—that state which despises counsel, and places itself almost out of the reach of advice? Dear, but mistaken friends, it is

difficult to *speak* to your state, but we *may* pray to the Father of Mercies, that *he* would in mercy *plead* with you. And we beseech you take time to be serious. Be solicitous about your eternal well-being. The restraint of the spirit of truth is the armour that protects the soul; and if you will not be invested with it, you are open to the repeated and increasing assaults of the destroyer; and how will you at length be prepared and found worthy "to stand before the Son of Man?"

In this meeting we have received epistles from our American brethren, in most of the states, showing the continuance of their zeal in the cause of righteousness, and encouraging us to perseverance; the particulars of any of which it does not seem needful now to detail. The amount of the sufferings of friends this year, in Great Britain and Ireland, chiefly for tithes, those called church-rates, and military demands, is upwards of eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy pounds*; and two friends have been imprisoned for not having found substitutes in the militia. But we are by no means inclined to complain of the conduct of magistrates; on the contrary, we believe in many places there is a disposition in the hearts of magistrates, which induces them to protect us from suffering to the utmost limit of the law, and we desire that friends may, on their part, by a meek and peaceable conduct, always insure, and never forfeit, their good opinion. In so conducting ourselves, we adorn our profession, and suffer our light to shine.

Now, dear friends, of every rank, state, and condition, let us endeavour to be one in the Lord: that he may shower down of his mercies, gifts, and grace upon all. This will keep each in his proper place. The young will be mild, submissive, and teachable; and will become early acquainted with that power which is their only safe conductor through life, and their hope in death. These are near to our hearts. The very remembrance of them awakens our tenderest feelings, and prompts our prayer to the Lord for their preservation. The middle-aged will stand firm in their day, as watchmen upon the wall, and as valiants, having on the armour of light, to withstand the attacks of the enemy. And the aged will have to rejoice both in retrospective and prospective view. The past will recall to their gladdened remembrance the numberless mercies of the Lord; and the future, through the power of an endless life, and the redeeming virtue of Christ Jesus our Lord, will open

* An opinion being sometimes entertained with regard to these sufferings, that individuals are reimbursed by the society, it is desired, if occasion should occur, that friends would refute it; as no such practice exists.

to them the prospect, and satisfy them with the assurance, of being *his for ever.* Amen.

Signed in and on behalf of the meeting, by
JOHN WILKINSON,
Clerk to the meeting this year.

Comparison of Monkish Seclusion from the World in Pillar Towers, with modern Instances for Pay.

MR. KING, in his Munimenta Antiqua, after having examined, with attention, the prisons for refractory monks, which are still extant in Worcester cathedral, the Temple church, London, and elsewhere, proceeds to investigate the origin and use of those pillar towers which are found in Ireland and Scotland. He thinks they may have answered two purposes.—1. That of voluntary retirement, the effect of superstition and ill-directed zeal. 2. That of imprisoning penitents, in a forced retirement, in order to reduce transgressors to reason and conformity. A third purpose is suggested, that of surveying the adjacencies, and giving notice of events in the neighbourhood. This might be, no doubt, occasionally, their use; but, as they are not always so placed as to command a view of the country, this cannot have been their original intention; not to say, that usually the steeples of the churches with which these towers appear to have been in connection, though not adjoining, would have answered the purpose much better.

Considering them as places of voluntary retirement, we are at no loss to account for their still retaining the names of those who last inhabited them, possibly for many years. "There are among the ruins of the churches at Clonmacnois, in King's county, two towers, one called O'Rourke's tower; the other M'Carthy's tower. The first is sixty-two feet high, and fifty-six in circumference, internal diameter about twelve feet; the other is fifty-six feet high, and about seven feet, internal diameter. The Irish name for these towers, cloch-ancoire, is said to mean the stone of the anchorite. Some of this kind of towers were erected between A. D. 900, and A. D. 1000."

By means of these towers Mr. K. elucidates the history of Symeon Stylites, or pillar Symeon, who about A. D. 380 "was of great fame and renowne for a godly man; he was the first that taught to dwell in a pillar; and made therein his lodging, scarce two cubits wide. This Symeon being in the flesh, imitated in life the trade of the angelical powers; withdrew himself from worldly affairs; forced nature, which of herself leaneth downwards, and followed after loftie things; being placed,

as

as it were, in the midst between heaven and earth. He sought conference with God, he praised him, together with the angels; he lifted the prayers of men up from the earth unto heaven, and offered them to God. He brought the goodness of God from heaven to earth, and made the world partaker thereof. Ten years Symeon lived in a very narrow room; seven in a somewhat straiter pillar; and thirty years in a pillar of forty cubits."

Miracles followed of course, on a life so very sanctified. "It is likely," says Mr. K. "that Symeon built his own pillar; which he raised to a greater height, with his own hands. His pillar stood near a church. He employed himself, at times, in teaching, or admonition, when, probably, he stood at the door of his pillar, and gave answers to such as applied to him." This is a far more rational description than that of Gibbon, who supposes that Symeon stood on the top of a solid pillar, without any checks to prevent his falling; "Habit and exercise," says he, "instructed him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear, or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his out-stretched arms, in the figure of a cross; but his most familiar practice was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet; and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty-four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account." This on a naked solid pillar, is wonderful enough; but on Mr. K.'s hypothesis of a hollow pillar, the wonder is reduced within the bounds of credibility. In fact, the story of Simeon is less wonderful than instances which might be selected of more than equal seclusion, among ourselves. Should any moon-struck fanatic fix his residence in the monument at London, or should the keeper of that edifice bring himself to the determination of never quitting it, he would, abating all ideas of sanctity, rival the retirement of Simeon Stylites.

A still more striking instance of separation from mankind occurs in those who have the charge of Eddystone light-house, which is not only a hollow pillar of a few feet internal diameter, but is surrounded by the watery expanse, and exposed to all the dangers of storms and tempests, more than ten miles from land; inaccessible when the wind blows with violence; while the sea beats against it in billows threatening to overwhelm it, and cover it with their foamy spray that rises more than two hundred feet above it, shaking it as they batter its sides. Yet here dwell, by choice and for pay, two keepers, who might be thought exiles from among men; here, without company, for they interchange no sentiments; without amusement, for visitors they have none; void of gratification for body or mind, they pass their days, their weeks, their months, their years; of

what simple materials is their journal composed! Their time of day is distinguished only by the rising or the setting sun, by the time to light the lamps, or the time to extinguish them. Are not these more than counterparts to the widely-famous Simeon Stylites? What have they to break the monotony of their lives? Neither the renown of sanctitude, nor the applause of gaping crowds attend them; they interfere with no concerns either spiritual or temporal; yet Smeaton tells us that they discover no symptoms of unhappiness, and are so little faligued by their dangerous imprisonment, that they prolong their sojournings in this strait inclosure from year to year.

A pillar in the sea is, to say the least, in a more dangerous situation, than a pillar on land; it is accessible only in moderate weather; and in case of accident or distress, as in a storm, or a conflagration, by which preceding structures of the same description had been destroyed, when assistance is most wanted, it is least to be received.

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 510.)

WHEN the adventures of Montalde were repeated by Plemer, to his wife and daughter, he had joked with him upon his want of politeness, in not having composed a fine panegyric on the countess's birth-day. Gabrielle laid hold of this pleasantry, and when her mother's birth-day came, she asked him if he designed to let that occasion escape him, without writing a few stanzas. "And who will sing them?" "I" replied she. Judge with what ardour his muse was animated. Wit was not employed for the purpose; but the most delicate sentiment, the most affecting piety, and the tenderest filial love, which form her maternal behaviour, had made its ways into the soul of the poet, dictated the eulogium of this excellent mother which she was to sing.

Her amiable disposition, in every particular, was depicted with a colouring so soft, such delicate touches, in such an animated stile, yet so perfectly free from flattery, that a modest woman might listen to it without a blush; it was the mirror of her soul.

Though Plemer was naturally blunt, yet he was a man of great sensibility. The voice of his daughter, employed in the most natural and just praise of the woman he adored; the presence of his friends, the charming spectacle of this domestic festival, all united together, softened him to such a degree, that he burst into tears. Madame Plemer too wept with delight; but the feelings of the young and tender Gabrielle at every instant

instant interrupted her voice with sobbings; and, at the last couplet, which she had scarcely strength to finish, she sunk into the arms of her mother. Plemer drew near, and embraced her, and all their friends were eager to pay her the tribute of emotion, with which they were affected. Montalde alone kept at a distance.

But Madame Plemer would not suffer him to remain so. "Come, Sir," said she, "allow me to make my acknowledgments to you for those delightful sensations you have just made me experience." He leant forwards to kiss her hand, but she embraced him; and, as he rose up, he felt his hand pressed between the two hands of Gabrielle, who still weeping, exclaimed, in a voice that would have softened marble—"Ah! Sir, my father was right to love you." Who can express his feelings! From this moment he gave himself up for lost.

It was Plemer's wish, in honour of his wife, to give an entertainment on the water, and at night an illumination from on board, announced it to be ready. She was escorted thither in triumph, accompanied by music, leading her daughter in her hand; and although none but friends were invited, yet the company was very numerous. No cost was spared to make the repast, and during the entertainment the two banks of the Loire never ceased re-echoing the sounds of a delightful concert. Never did more sincere joy prevail on any occasion; but this joy was suddenly changed into the most alarming fears.

The night was remarkably beautiful; the moon shone with the most perfect brightness, her brilliant lustre on the waters served as a guide to the rowers; and Plemer having taken every precaution that his guests should be safely conducted from the vessel to the shore, was following, the most happy of men, when stepping into the boat, his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. Montalde instantly plunged in after him, though he could not swim, and seizing with one hand the end of a rope that hung out of the vessel, he caught hold of Plemer with the other, and prevented his being drawn under the bottom of the ship. At this instant the sailors came to their assistance, and took them both into the boat.

"As soon as Plemer recovered the use of his senses, "Well," said he, "now which of us is insolvent?" The young man, still seized with fear on his account, embraced him and wept for joy. They got to shore, where Madame Plemer and her daughter were waiting for them, terrified at the cries which they had heard.

"Make yourselves happy," said Plemer, on landing, "thank God, here I am safe. I fell overboard. I was on the point of being drowned, and Montalde has saved my life."

On hearing this, Madame Plemer embraced her husband; and Gabrielle, in a transport of gratitude and joy, seized, and

pressed

pressed in her arms the man who saved her father. "Oh! Sir, what service have you done us! I owe you more than my life," said she, still pressing him against her bosom.

"Good Heaven," cried he, tearing himself from the arms of her he adored, "Grant, oh grant me fortitude!"

With Madame Plemer, who embraced the young man in her turn, he could with less danger give himself up to the emotion of a mutual friendship. Every thing at this moment was mixed with the remains of anxiety, and excess of joy; and neither the heart of Gabrielle, nor that of Montalde had time for reflexion. But when, being restored to themselves, each of them was capable of thinking on what had just passed—"What is it I have done," said she, weeping, "that he should thus reject me! I forgot for a moment, I confess, the conduct suitable to my age; but in what moment, and on what account! I embraced Montalde as I would have embraced the altar of the deity who should have saved my father. Ah! Montalde, if this impulse, involuntary as it was, appears to you improper in a virtuous mind, you must certainly have been an orphan from your cradle, neither has a mother smiled upon you, nor a father caressed you; you are not acquainted with the force of blood, nor with the affections of nature. Cruel man! how could you treat me so severely? What was then your opinion of me?"

The afflicted Gabrielle could not sleep; her bed was bathed with her tears, and for want of rest, her head became disordered; her blood boiled in her veins, and her parched breath exhaled itself in sighs. At length, calling to mind, what she had been told of the torments of love; "I fear 'tis all over with me," said she; "I felt that generous heart palpitate against my bosom; a violent flame has spread itself over my frame, and it is that which consumes me. O my dear father, forgive the intoxication and the delirium of my gratitude. Can I do otherwise than love, can I sufficiently love the man who at the peril of his own life has saved your's? Yes, after you, my dear mother, I hold nothing else so dear in the world. I know he is without fortune; but what would the most brilliant fortune be in comparison with your life, that I owe him. Ah! let that be his riches; and may the daughter of Plemer have never any other husband but the man who has saved her father!"

The situation of Montalde was still more affecting. Although innocent as yet, he could no longer answer for preserving that innocence, which an unguarded moment might rob him of for ever. The vile means of seduction were far from his mind; and he so far possessed his own esteem, as not to apprehend any thing base or shameful in his affection.

But he reflected that, perhaps, this amiable young woman was in spite of him already seduced; and if her heart was infected with love, if she exhaled when near him the same fires that consumed his own bosom, if, in fine, neither the one nor the other should be any longer able to conceal an hopeless passion, what would be the issue of this multitude of evils with which he should leave her surrounded, or fall into himself.

A crime which is involuntary, when we have seen the danger without avoiding it, is it not still a crime? Have I not had, and have I not still an expedient to fly and take refuge in absence?

My passion is insurmountable; yet far from me be that probity which exhibits itself in fine words, and which considers itself as absolved by vain excuses from the shame of a defeat. No! faith and honour should never be exposed to any risk: Since the success of trial is doubtful, that trial should be avoided; and I am still master of this resolution. It is certainly dreadful for me to be separated from the only friend I now have in the world; dreadful too it is again to encounter want and misery. It is doubly dreadful to tear myself away from Gabrielle; but the more painful this effort proves, the more it is necessary." After this manner spake Montalde; and impatient to make sure of himself by putting these measures into execution, he waited the return of the day to go and see Plemer. "Go to see him? How shall I see him, or what shall I say? Loaded with his favours, honoured with his confidence, penetrated with the sense of his goodness, which with so much open-heartedness he lavishes daily upon me, how can I summon up resolution to tell him I intend to leave him? And what excuse shall I make for this precipitate departure! It must be, however; I must appear unjust, ungrateful, wicked, without being so. O! dear self-esteem! kind testimonies of the purity of my intentions! you will accompany me in my exile, in my misery, in that vagrant and unhappy life, which I shall drag on far from Nantz, far from this loved and respectable family, where every good seemed to await me. I shall still have you to accompany me, and, if possible, you will console me." After having reasoned thus with himself he felt his heart more at ease; he gave vent to his sighs, and a torrent of tears streamed down his cheeks. Thus had passed the night, when he went to seek Plemer, in order to take his leave of him, as pale and trembling as a criminal led to execution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Fenelon's

Fenelon's Method of Correcting the Irascibility of the Duke of Burgundy, Grandson of Louis XIV.

AT his birth, August 6, 1682, the nation seemed to foresee how dear this prince would be to them. "I was present," says the Abbe Choisy, "at the births of monseigneur and of the duke, and remarked a notable difference between joy, and the excess of it. They rejoiced at the birth of Monseigneur, but at the birth of the duke they were almost frantic. Every person thought himself at liberty to embrace the king. The lower classes could not contain themselves; they made a bonfire in one of the courts of the palace, and threw into it part of the wainscoting and flooring intended for the grand gallery. Bontemps, in a great passion, went and told his majesty; who burst into laughter, and said, "Let them rejoice; we will get others."

As the prince grew up, he proved to be of a very irascible temper. One day, after having beaten his valet de chambre, he stopped to look at the tools of a joiner, who was at work in his apartment. The workman having been previously instructed by Fenelon, told the prince in a brutal manner to "go about his business!" The prince was offended; and the joiner, at last, in a threatening tone exclaimed, "I would advise you to be off, prince, for when I am in a passion, I care for no one." The prince ran to Fenelon, to complain of so churlish a fellow brought into his room. "He is a very good workman," said F. coldly, "his only fault is being too passionate." The prince insisted that he was a brute. "Hearken," said F. "you call him a brute because he threatens you, when you interrupt him: what would you say of a prince who beats his servant, at the moment when he is doing him a service?"

At another time, after some gust of passion, all who approached him appeared surprized, and alarmed at his appearance; they enquired about his health, with signs of uneasiness and compassion. Fagon, the physician, came and felt his pulse, and after appearing to meditate deeply on the nature of his disorder, said, "Confess the truth, prince, have you not been giving way to some paroxism of anger?" "You have guessed it," replied the duke, "but will that make one ill?" Then Fagon began to explain the physical effects of anger, which sometimes ended in sudden death; and quoted examples of persons who died in fits of passion.

That self controul which was necessary for a prince born to govern others, is equally necessary for private individuals, to whom it is of the utmost importance to govern themselves. Those improprieties in our conduct, of which we may be even convinced, are so palliated by the perverse logic of the heart

and affections, that we much sooner forget them, than the same, or smaller, transgressions in others: because we have no such advocate for them in our bosoms. This reminiscence is in proportion to the smaller affection which we bear to the world at large, and the greater which we bear to ourselves; in other words, it is in the ratio of our general charity to our self-love.

Nevertheless, great care is required in infancy, and it is extremely necessary to be cautious that we do not plunge children into one fault, by correcting them for others. It had been frequently mentioned to the duke, that he should learn to suffer with firmness, and that crying was a sign of weakness. From that moment he formed a resolution of never crying again, but without distinguishing the case or the cause. One day the funeral oration on the dauphiness, his mother, was read to him; he did not weep, but his sensibility was so much excited, that he fell down almost lifeless. When it was explained to him, that tears on such an occasion would have been a mark of tenderness, he wept bitterly.

SPLENDID EMBASSY.

THE embassy of Lord Hay, a Scotchman, to the French court, in the reign of James the First, A. D. 1616, was one of the most magnificent recorded in history. Among other things, at his public entry into Paris, he had his horse shod with silver shoes, slightly tacked on; and when he came opposite to houses or balconies, where eminent persons or distinguished beauties were, his horse, prancing in humble reverence, flung his shoes away, which the surrounding mob scrambled for. Then one of his train took others out of a velvet bag, and tacked them on; which lasted 'till he came to the next troop of grandees.

HEROIC RESOLUTION.

THE celebrated Prince Maurice, of Nassau, at the battle of Nieuport, in 1600, having sent away his ships, that there might be no means of retreat for his troops, in leading them to engage, said, "My friends, you have Nieuport behind you, which is in possession of the enemy; the sea on your left; a river on the right; and the enemy in front: there is no other way for you to pass but over the bellies of these men." By this heroic resolution he gained a battle which saved his republic, and did himself the highest honour.

Answer, by J. Channon, of the Ottery Artillery, to A. Kyne's Charade, inserted May 9.

OFT in the seas, far from the shore,
The STAR-FISH clearly we explore.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, jun. of Exeter; and W. Woon, of Grampound.

Answer, by W. M. of South Molton, to J. A. Dyer's Enigma, inserted May 9.

MULTIPLICATION-TABLE I have found
To be the rule you'd have me to expound.

*** Similar answers are received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; W. Courtis, of Upton Pyne; J. Osborn, and Typographus, of Exeter; S. D. and F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. G. of Gittisham; T. Cowd, of Sidmouth; W. Woon, of Grampound; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Tucker, of Ottery barracks; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Alphonso, of St. Austell; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; and W. Kent, of Camelford.

A CHARADE, *by J. Prinn, a Fifer in the South Devon Militia.*

AT the inclement season's stern approach
My first hath power to cheer all must confess;
The peasant on my second doth rely,
To keep himself and children from distress;
My whole is used great deeds to celebrate,
Such as when godlike Nelson met his fate,
Then mix'd with sorrow for that hero lost,
His foes great terror, and his country's boast.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

GO search the scripture's sacred page,
You'll find my first I dare engage,
Whose predecessors you may find
To the priest's office were consign'd;
A prophet next you must select,
One letter of his name reject:
God's mighty wonders in the sea behold,
And doubtless you my whole will soon unfold.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN battles rage, and trumpets sound alarms,
My first is heard amist the shock of arms;
My next, conducted with much art and care,
Doth oft the sporting fish at play ensnare;
Should Gaul's despot, with his rapacious band,
On Albion's sea-girt isle attempt to land,
Our heroes then, nerv'd strong in freedom's right,
Would send him to th' eternal shades of night,
Or make him do my last in shameful flight.
Transpose these parts, ye bards, and join them true,
And then a contract you will clearly view.

POETRY.

To the BRITISH NATION, this Effusion is most respectfully inscribed.

The CRISIS: *Or* BRITAIN's GLORY.

GENIUS of Britain's splendid fame,
Inspire the muse, whose patriot strain
Sings what shall raise the British name
A height proud Rome could ne'er attain.

High-favour'd Albion! great and free,
Shield from oppression's arm the foe;
Who looks, with trembling hope, to thee
To guard her from a tyrant's blow.

Shall England then reject the prayers,
The patriot Spaniards' right to save?
Shall she view Spain, thro' treachery's snares,
Buried in despotism's grave?

"NO!" her sons lead the glorious fight:
Heaven bless each act, direct each plan:
When those, defending England's right,
Defend the dearest rights of man!

Oft has the Spaniard, from his shore,
View'd Trafalgar's once fatal bay;
Whose waves were dy'd with Spanish gore,
When Nelson fell—that glorious day!

How did he view the British fleet
Riding triumphant o'er his wave?
How will he view a British fleet
Return the rights of Spain to save?

This shall appal Britannia's foes,
Unnerve the arm to vengeance prone;
Make cowards tyranny oppose,
And hurl a despot from his throne.

Now shall the Swiss, on Uri's rock,
Feel his brave patriot bosom swell:
Learn to resist the tyrant's shock,
And emulate a William Tell.

Prussia, awake thy lingering ire,
Have you a wish above a slave?
Have you a spark of Frederic's fire?
Your fame retrieve, your country save!

Russia, weak dupe to Frenchmen's arts,
Austria, who struggled long in vain,
Now prove your spirit, ere departs
"The crisis"—you can ne'er regain.

Gustavus, valiant Sweden's king,
Still forward press your rights to guard:
Europe shall with your praises ring,
While liberty's the bright reward.

See Britain, freedom's flag unfurls;
She stands the Atlas of your fate;
While wond'ring and admiring worlds
Bless her wise-order'd, glorious state.

Britain, with wealth and freedom bless'd,
Far as the waves of ocean flow,
Tell it, when Spaniards are oppress'd,
Britain forgets that Spain's a foe.

June 16, 1808. AN ENGLISHMAN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines addressed to a Young Lady, on her leaving Tiverton.

ACCEPT, sweet maid, an artless poet's lay;
Whose heavenly virtues claim a nobler song;
Fain would my muse her gratitude display,
And sing the praises that to you belong.

Know ere your footsteps quit Devonia's plains,
To seek your welfare in a distant place,
Your lovely image still behind remains,
Which fond remembrance will for ever trace.

Long shall your mem'ry rest upon my mind,
Your gentle goodness, which to all extends;
Emblem of innocence! in whom we find
That virtuous character, the best of friends.

No angry passions in your bosom rise,
Where peace sits smiling like an infant child;
Where all is tranquil like the summer skies,
Supremely lovely, and serenely mild.

Transcendent beauties on your cheeks appear,
The gift of nature, unadorn'd by art;
The fairest nymph among the blooming fair,
Form'd to attract and captivate the heart.

Long may that beauty, op'ning like the rose,
Appear unsullied by corrosive care!
Whilst to your breast religion gives repose,
And reigns triumphant, unmolested there.

But vain the wish, since ever-fleeting time,
On rapid wings will shortly bring the day,
When blooming health must lose its roseate prime,
Like faded flow'rets wither and decay.

Yet mental beauties will survive the tomb,
In full perfection they will ever rise,
Appear more lovely in immortal bloom,
In climes more pure, beneath congenial skies.

May Heaven its blessings constantly bestow,
And long preserve you from the hand of fate!
When you resign all earthly things below,
May bliss await you in a future state!

Tiverton, June 18, 1808. R. LOOSEMORE.